

A joke, what is a joke?  
 We decided over a coke, that  
 A joke is .....  
 Life said the cynic:  
 Love said the disillusioned:  
 Law said the convicted:  
 Peace said the soldier:  
 War said the armament manufacturers:  
 Ancestry said the ape:  
 Environment said the tramp:  
 Civilization said the sage:  
 Work said Phil Goodfellow:  
 Us say we all!

Speaking of work reminds us of gymnastics and leads to the query, "Why have Marj. Martin and Marg. Allin taken the sudden interest in Danish Gymnastics", or maybe it's just our imagination ..... spring does that to one .... warm air .... fresh breezes .. moonlight! We used to worry about Gwynneth Schenk teaching late on Wednesday nights, way down on Ontario Street, but not any more .... How's the park in the spring, Schenky? While we're on the subject of walking, why was Betty Burns tramping the streets and kicking in the door of 1050 Bathurst Street on a recent Sunday night? .... The Camera Club missed a good "shot" there. Careful Bet, we'd like your smiling face around a little longer .....

Is it spring with Miss Hamish - Hamilton, we mean (darn this typewriter), breaks here, there, everywhere .... some people just don't know when they're lucky. Imagine - key lost, climbing drain pipe at 1.30 a.m. and then using it for "coffee" conversation with the staff ... sometimes we wonder .....

What did Miss Somers think when she found herself "held out" on her own doorstep by Dean and "friend", and what did "friend" and Dean think? .....It's getting awfully warm in here; let's find a cooler spot....Japan perhaps, where Shiga says the "Y" has night clubs for business girls .... shall we book your passage on the next boat?.....

Next stop is Pepperlaw .... we're a little rusty on our geography, but isn't it way down south .... "Pardon my southern accent, pardon my southern drawl" ..... are we right, Corner?

Rrrrrrip! There it goes again .... Who has a needle and thread for Bob Leonard. Anything in the cosmetic line needed? said Frapp, from under her layer of war paint.

Who's this truckin' down the hall, finger in the air. Big Apple? .... No! our mistake, just Dorothy Barber, playing her little game which has spread with such rapidity through our halls of learning. Oooh! lookit, daddy, all the girls with their fingers up .... what for, daddy? .... 'Scuse us, folks, we slipped out of character for the moment. To continue .....

We wandered into the locker room recently, just in time to hold the money or rather apple, on a bet between Issy Callan and Marian Maynard. Marian had read a book, but Issy was up on her Anatomy. Marian lost, and came down to earth with a bang .... feet first!

"Lock the doors, my knee supports are gone again"! ... (pathos and feeling). Our guess would be a case of non-support, Rose .... what think you? Let's put it to a vote, says Jess!

Good heavens .... what's that, an earthquake? says Fran McConnell, our pessimist .... No, just Joyce Jarvis tip-toeing in!

From the locker room to the Londry - er, laundry - (that well-worn path) especially with Jess Loaring ..... She must have a passion for cleanliness, she even corresponds with the institution.

Our morning mail disclosed the following want ads. Origin? No one knows, but we'll insert them anyway: Wanted - Someone to help Joan Brown remember the way to remember what she forgot so she won't forget in the future. ....Wanted by Laura Kwan: One basketball game, requirements: not more than four personal fouls per period,



with friendly players on both teams .... Needed: an exchequer of the exchange for Plaunt, to keep her financial affairs straight .... How's your budget, Plaunt. Any more than \$100.00 out this term? .... Anyone needing a good excuse for anything, anytime, anywhere, apply Ruth Wilson, we aim to please. Motto - Every day's a holiday.

"There's a family next door to us" - that's funny Miss Davison, there's a family next door to us, too .... but - of course we like people to speak up and express themselves, don't get us wrong - Psychologists tell us that children's questions should all be answered .... We wonder if Dorothy MacKenzie was suppressed in her youth, and it's all coming out now. Never mind, Dorothy, a good conversationalist is a boon to any dinner party.

We were reading the paper to-day, over our coffee, and being a bit worried with things and life, we wondered .... What would happen if the market were flooded with M.E.S.'ers? We couldn't all be gymnasium apparatus manufacturers. (Now there's a thought). Consoling thoughts rushed through the flood gates of our minds when we realized that the versatility of our students was notable. Peg Anderson could always set herself up in business as Miss Fixit - things manufactured from nothing, to fill every need and circumstance! As we look into the future we see Jean Sutton running a tap studio, .... Gwen Baalim, lady osteopath, with a creditable establishment, nameplate and everything! Much water has rushed under the bridge since the days when Gwen first called a rib a baby's backbone .... Enough of day dreams. .... Such a nuisance, and how we're troubled with them, too!

Helen Gould offers to shoot apples off people's heads, à la William Tell - an occupation like that should have quite a following (what kind of a following?) - who said that? Who knows but what Julia Wright will start another in opposition!

Carol Hendry, our posture girl, fills in for waxed figures in Madame Tussaud's when the models take time out for lunch.

We suggest that Lissen Glahn pose for diving girl pictures .... it would be fun sailing around glued to car windows.

As the end draws near we wonder .... What do people learn at M.E.S.? Kay Reed has learned that orange and black Globe boxes on the street corner, with the sign "Put the money here" are not mail boxes! Did the letter ever reach it's destination, Kay, or did it land in Dorothy Dix's column?

An interruption, our giggle girls, Lyster and Forsyth, just dropped in to ask us, "What's the inscription above the gates to the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa? ..... go away, you didn't really expect us to know, did you. Just a minute before we go, we'll turn the tables on you - Why is Rhoda Wood in danger of being kidnapped at Christmas time? O.K., we'll tell you, because she looks so like a cuddly doll that all the fond mamas want to take her home with them to put in Mary Jane's stocking!

Jean Thomas is lost in a fog thicker than pea soup (why not make it Stew, says Letha) and we're trusting that someone will "minister" to her needs.

Our faith in mankind went up a notch to-day. The age of chivalry is NOT past, when a gentleman waits half an hour in 10 degrees below zero weather to nonchalantly pop out from behind a tree when Miss Nelles turns the corner -- well, as Mr. Kendrick would say, "Well, well".

Want to hear a secret? .... Miss Gray and Miss Horner recommend that in future Adrienne Adams be a bit more thorough in tidying for inspection, as they were most embarrassed when they discovered - by looking at the photograph by her bed - that she favored tangee lipstick .... Fraser could make the beds (oh yeah, from Fraser) while Adrienne dusted .... collaboration, co-operation, friendliness, is what we need.... Now take Miss Collier-Wright for instance .... She friendly-like walked right up to Miss Shilton and asked her if she were a new junior - (elevator first door on your right, Syl).

Fran Christie prefers to walk - by the funny garden gait .... but oh, that smile...

Lots of talk these days about shorter working hours and extended holidays .... Those interested apply Patty Sterne .....

We suggest at this point, that if anyone is bored with life, they ask Winn very



nicely, if she would read to them each night a chapter of her fascinating life ..... from the bits collected here and there over the last three years ..... Dear Diary -- the habit grows and grows.

We're still wondering why Eleanor Walker isn't taking a camp this summer .... too bad 'cause she's got a good imagination ... that all-important thing in creative dancing. Isn't that so, Shirley? and Shirley should know ... It's something like that that makes her do the things she does ... good going, Shirley.

Has anybody here seen Dallas? No, but probably you'll find her at the sign of the brown cardboard carton. Good fishing these days, Dal? .... Don't get caught in the marsh .... which reminds us that if anyone wants to hear some really good personal experiences, consult Kay Marsh .... Speaking of going fishing, it's a good idea - think "ye editors" - think we'll close up shop and .... Just a minute ... Something else coming in .... Stop the press news .... Contributions gratefully received .... a running shoe for Dorothy Cameron ...

And now, dear friends, we're near the end ... the end of what, do we hear you say ... that's what we wonder ... However, had we lived less we might have lived longer but who wants to live less and so:

She Laid down the Law

And sent Quancie to bed - - -

a promising beginning -- but, we 're s o s l e e p y . . . . .

#### M.E.S. Incognito

"Never the twain shall meet" but it did in the SOMER of 1937. These GOODFELLOWS came from all parts of the country, where the LAW is LAID and the taxes LEVYed, where the buffalo roam (PEFFERLAW) and where the efficient FRASER and slim MCKENZIE rivers do not flow. They SUTTONly got along well too - in fact they PLAUNTED a tree on the spot where they met. Jolly fine friends, eh what?

They went north of the Queen City to camp where the REEDs and MARSHes are not plentiful but the WOODs are abundant. At first STERNing a canoe was just a little FLOARING but soon the CORNERS became easier and even now little NELLES perfect. When the lake was rough they had to substitute "BAALIM out" for "stroke" if they weren't ALLIN already.

The hikers were ambitious people and if asked "Do you want to WALKER ride" they chorused "Walk of course, even as far as HAMILTON". One sunny day along came Mr. Jay with a CAMERON his hand and took pictures of our sunBURNS and BROWN SCHENKS.

At night, when the CAMPBELL is rung and HORNER'S heard, all our cheery campers settle down to munching crunchy CHRISTIE biscuits but this night held forth surprises.

"LISSEN, I hear footsteps", and DALLAS in stalked the DEAN. "What ho, eating after the dietish gave you fish?"

"Oh well, it is the last night".

"WRIGHT you are! I'll forgive you this time".

(Stage whisper) "ReJOYCE we can continue. I COLLIER-WRIGHT decent, don't you?"

And so far, far into the night, as the WINNd whistling around the cabin reminded us of that sweet CAROL, "The MILLER's daughter MUDDIMAN".

At the end of September it was the city for us but MEILICKE camp best.

LYSTER & GOULD

In physiology we were all so attentively listening to Miss Wardley ---- "The goiter belt across Canada -----" ..... Little Audrey laughed and laughed and laughed because she knew that a garter belt couldn't stretch across Canada.

Mrs. Marriot: It's past midnight, do you think you can stay here all night?

Ross: Gosh, I'll have to phone the landlady first.



Adrienne Adams: Oh, Fluff! and that from our Honour student too.

Margaret Quance: (At residence) GIRLS! -- It's ten-thirty. We take from that, Quancie's policy is "early to bed and early to rise" in more ways than one.

Phoebe Hamilton: A second Major Bowes  
High, medium or low,  
Where she stops nobody knows.

Dorothy Forsyth: She can hardly be called loquacious  
But her laugh is surely (?) contagious.

Jean Thomas: What do you think you are? Anyhow?

Marge Fraser: Blah...Blah...Blah...And so on.....into the night!

Joan Brown: Oh, for a life gay and free!  
Have I two 1.30's or three?

McConnell is the name,  
Walkerville the station,  
I come to Margaret Eaton School  
To get my education.

Miss Jackson: Sometimes we wonder -- Things get strangely misconstrued. The morning after the night before, we (Juniors) get rest and relaxation to the tune of lights out .....Oh well!

Ruth Wilson: What do we wear to-day, tunics or rompers?  
Rompers? So what? I'll wear my tunic.

Helen Gould: We sincerely wish some people wouldn't appropriate other people's dance pants for weeks on end.

Sylvia Collier-Wright: Lips like rosebuds,  
Teeth like pearls  
What a boost for Ipana  
And the rest of the girls.

Elinor Walker: When I grow up to be a man,  
I'm going to .....Germany.

Winnifred MacLennan: (vast determination) I'm going to study to-night.

Margo Jess: Our Blues singer! Night and Day!

Marjorie Leonard: Corner, will you shut your door? Talk about tact!

Plaunt: (early morning) Gee! I feel peppy.

Miss Wardley: (severely) Hush up girls, you are extremely rude!

Molly Dallas: (suddenly waking up after discussion by Seniors) S-A-Y, What is this?

- - - - -

Senior: I can't adjust my curriculum to save my life.

Junior: That's all right, it doesn't show.



## Time

Eight o'clock, hurry up! so what!  
 Well, it's eight o'clock on Monday. Oh dear! Thought it was Sunday.  
 Nine o'clock, where's my shoe, my tunic too,  
 Nine o'clock, darn that bell. Hello Miss Somers, isn't this swell.  
 Ten o'clock, in fettle fine, we march in line,  
 We pant and pant, another minute, I really can't.  
 Eleven o'clock, let's create, can't be late,  
 We leap and turn, why we create, I can't discern!  
 Twelve o'clock, we dance as folk, I'd love a coke.  
 Still Winnifred's Knot, I don't think it's so hot.  
 One o'clock, time to eat, if there's a seat.  
 Pass that salt, darn you it was not my fault!  
 Two o'clock, off to the pool, but not to fool,  
 I'm getting tired. Nonsense child that's not admired!  
 Three o'clock, maybe relax, some hygiene facts.  
 The bell must go. Just to lie down - I'd love it so!  
 Four o'clock, with rapiers bright, we fight with might.  
 Tired Miss Prat? Why Physical Eds. are never that!  
 Five o'clock, we battle home, to further roam,  
 Five o'clock: Mother - mak me bed soon,  
 For I'm sick a' the heart  
 And fain wad lie doon!

- Phoebe Hamilton

## Songs and Who They Remind Us Of

Hold Your Man.....	Helen Plaunt
You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming..	Gwen Baalim
Footloose and Fancy Free.....	Joan Brown
I Wanna Be In Winchell's Column..	Phoebe Hamilton
I Believe in Miracles.....	Winn MacLennan
Every Day's a Holiday.....	Ruth Wilson
Laugh Your Way Thru Life.....	Dorothy Forsyth
Lost.....	Kay Reed
This Little Ripple Had Rhythm....	Rhoda Wood
I Feel That Foolish Thing Coming	
	On. Ruth Corner
Thanks For the Memory.....	The Senior Class.

## "Who Knows Fair Maidens Best"

In a Village, called Toronto,  
 Stands a school house, old and large.  
 White-face students, it does borrow,  
 From most Canadian villages.

Swimming hole, gym and classroom,  
 Are contained within its walls.  
 But in its depths, for many moons,  
 One room knows the students - all.

Called by them "The Locker Room" -  
 Secrets by the score could tell -  
 Of the moods of white-face beauties  
 And their graceful forms as well.

Stories of most frantic worry,  
 "Lost my nose-clip and my pants".  
 "Was that the bell? I'll have to hurry".  
 "Oh gosh, I hope we have fun at the dance."

But one day it rained orange juice,  
 As the girls came back from lunch.  
 Noise near ceiling --Oh, what's the use -  
 It's M Q -- I had a hunch.

Each year in May, room grows sad,  
 Many memories, it does store  
 Of the girls who loved and snubbed it,  
 Who leave to add to "Phys. Ed." score.

-Muriel Nelles



## Recipes for M.E.S.

Creme d'nistoire

Take copious notes, boil them down, mix thoroughly, preserve carefully, and serve later as an entirely original conception.

Angle Pi

Construct an exercise, bisect, trisect, intersect and dissect it, inscribe with sines, and serve radiantly.

Poison & cosmetique

Take some grease paint, keep colors separate, plaster on one at a time, finish with a dash of powder. N. B. - Antedote: Cold cream.

Artistic Trifle

Take a leap, draw back, mix steps until hot, and for the rest of this recipe draw upon your imagination.

Apparatus Pickle

Flank a vault, jump over a box, hang from ropes (not by the neck) swing from the rings and don't forget the boom. Guarantee: You won't look like a vault.

- Patty Sterne

## The Perfect Physical Educationist

She would have:

Eyes like Eddie Cantor;  
Feet like Greta Garbo;  
A voice like Martha Raye;  
A mouth like Joe E. Brown;  
Ears like Clark Gable;  
A shape like Betty Grable;  
An expression like Edna May Oliver;  
A disposition like an income tax collector.

She would be able to:

Dance like Ginger Rogers;  
Sing like Gladys Swarthout;  
Swim like Helene Madison;  
Stooge like Charlie McCarthy;  
Act like Cornelia Otis Skinner;  
Skate like Sonja Henie;  
Fence like Helene Mayer;  
And live the love-life of an amoeba.

She would combine:

The ambition of a junior;  
The brains of a senior;  
The culture of a chorus girl;  
The boredom of a Toronto debutante;  
The influence of Dale Carnegie;  
The poise of a cadaver;  
The courage of a strip-teaser;  
The vitality of Popeye;  
The privacy of Sally Rand;  
The sophistication of a divorcee;  
And the perseverance of a salmon swimming upstream.

She would gladly lend her room-mate:

Her bath  
Her bath-salts;  
Her shoes;  
Her stockings;  
Her step-ins;  
Her evening dress;  
Her perfume;  
Her bunny wrap;  
Her money;  
Her advice;  
Her technique;  
Her key;  
And her boy friend...

And the morning after:

Her ears;  
Her soul;  
Her diary!

- Letha Meilicke



WHAT AM  
I GOING TO GIVE  
my KIDS Today?

AND TO THINK  
NEXT YEAR WE'LL  
BE DOING IT ALL  
DAY - I HOPE!

# PRACTICE TEACHING

POSITION'S  
EVERYTHING  
QUARANTY

ALLIN - GO IN AND  
OUT THE WINDOWS  
TUNE DID YOU EVER  
SEE A LASSIE

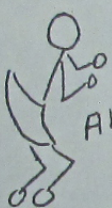
HOW TO KNOW  
THEY'RE COOPERATING  
THEY'RE DIFFICULT?

THE VACANT  
CHAIR

THINK YOU'LL HAVE  
WARDLEY TODAY?

WHERE'S  
DUFFERIN?

I see you - I see you  
I see you - I see you  
I see you - I see you



ALRIGHT -  
ALRIGHT -

SOMEBODY GIVE ME A GAME -  
WHERE ARE YOUR  
SKATES, ISSIE?

NOW CHILDREN  
CAVORT!!

GIVE YOUR  
RIGHT FOOT  
A SHAKE,  
PG SHAKE,  
SHAKE,  
SHAKE,

ADIGNIFIED ENTRANCE  
WHAT?

HAS ANYONE  
GOT A CLEAN  
BLOUSE?

LET'S TRADE CLASSES  
FOR VARIETY  
I CAN'T  
STAND THE  
SUSPENSE  
SHE'S LAZY  
BUT TO COME  
BY OF AVERAGE  
HANGOVER  
BET  
TEACHING LAZINESS  
BETTY BURNS  
TO THE CHAMPAGNE  
CH.P.

STAND UP  
THERE  
PICKLE PUSS!

DOES  
RAIN  
EVERY  
WEDNESDAY!

POP GOES  
THE  
WEASEL  
SAYS,  
MORION  
IDEA.

THAT'S THE  
WEDNESDAY!



### Outside Interests

From the point of view of outside interests, this has been a very enjoyable and profitable year for the students.

To begin the season, many attended the final two Promenade Symphony Concerts by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Reginald Stewart.

Most of the students had series tickets to the Variety and Music Masters Series at Eaton Auditorium which included the following concerts: Variety Series - Mexican Tipica Orchestra; Miriam Winslow and her Dancers; Erna Sack, coloratura soprano; Continental Ensemble, Chenkin, Runitch and Raphael; Trudi Schoop and her Comic Ballet; Nimura and Lisan Kay, Japanese dancers; Carola Goya, Spanish dancer; Nino Martini, lyric tenor; Agna Enters, dancer; Shawn and his Men Dancers; and Helen Gahagan, soprano. Music Master Series - Guionar Novais, Brazilian woman pianist; Josef Hofmann, Polish pianist; Artur Rubenstein, Viennese pianist; Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, British duo-pianists; and Evelyn Howard-Jones, English pianist.

Other musical events of which the students took advantage were: the regular Tuesday night Symphony Concerts at Massey Hall; the Sunday evening concerts at Hart House; the mid-week noon Musicales at Eaton Auditorium during November and December; grand operas at Massey Hall by the Columbia Opera Co., of New York, including, "Madame Butterfly", "Faust", "Carmen", "La Traviata", and "Il Trovatore"; the Tudor Singers under the direction of Dr. Healey Willan; Yvonne Astrue, a French violinist; Scott Malcolm and Reginald Godden, duo-pianists; "Elijah" sung by the Toronto Conservatory Choir and accompanied by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the University of Toronto Symphony Concert, and the Children's Symphony Concerts by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Among other outside activities have been, plays at the Royal Alexander Theatre including Helen Hayes in "Victoria Regina", Cornelia Otis Skinner in "Edna, His Wife", Ethel Barrymore in "White Oaks", several Noel Coward plays in "To-night at 8.30" and Ibsen's "A Doll's House"; various sports events including the Varsity rugby, hockey, and basketball games, the Skating Carnival and "Hart House Sports Nites" which consisted of demonstrations of swimming, diving, fencing, wrestling, gymnastics, and basketball; the Royal Winter Fair, the Motor Show, the Flower Show, the Book Fair and several interesting and instructive lectures.

### The Barn Dance

"All join hands and away to the West." Remember that night, girls, when the Seniors as a new idea for a Class Project, held a barn dance in the gymnasium of our school. When I said gymnasium I am afraid I highly insulted the decorating committee, for no one would have recognized our noble gym. Horse heads everywhere! Hay and straw! Scare-crows! Pails and what-not! The real country atmosphere was certainly brought in.

Then of course we had a "fiddler gay" whose "not so squeaky old violin" brought forth the old tunes in just the right spirit and in good co-operation with our own Miss Gray. The caller boomed forth with male vehemence, dances from the "good old days" so that everyone could hear and "swing their partners" at the right time. When you were all puffed out from "grand chain round the room" why, you just dashed over and helped yourself to the grandest punch which made you all "rarin' to go" again. After the "Birdie" had flown out and the "Hawky" in, enough times to make anybody dizzy, everybody straightened themselves out with a social dance and then continued to get dizzy all over again. At the end, the crowd feeling in gay spirits, topped the evening with a sing-song. Because everybody enjoys "circling eight", we made a success of our Project, the proceeds of which are being used to help the Physical Education School in India.



## Graduation '37

Proud parents from far and near witnessed the graduation exercises at The Margaret Eaton Hall where fourteen graduates dressed in white, received diplomas and certificates for the completion of their work at this school. Juniors in pastel gowns and a profusion of flowers around the stage made an effective setting for this scene.

The ceremony opened by the school singing the school hymn. Bishop Renison then gave the invocation and this was followed by the Valedictory address by Virginia Race. W. J. Dunlop, Director of the University Extension, University of Toronto, spoke to the assembly on the development of personality.

Miss Somers presented the seniors with their diplomas and awarded Shirley Naylor the gold medal and Virginia Race the silver medal.

The programme closed with a message to the graduating class by Bishop Renison.

The reception was held in the lounge immediately following the commencement. Excitement and laughter ruled the moment but a few furtive sighs for the pangs of parting were heard. Each graduate departed with every good wish for her future by those she left behind.

## The Tea Dance - November 6th

"Do I look all right, or is my nose shiny"....."I suppose I'd better hurry and not keep the poor man standing on the stairs all day." .... "Hello, all ready? Come along and be received."

"Miss Wardley, may I introduce Mr. Jones --- don't the girls look lovely".

"Muriel Nelles, Mr. Jones..... You make an excellent convener!"

"The orchestra is good, isn't it. I like these fast numbers, anyway. You do too? But what do you mean "not referring to music?" "The one at this end is Miss Wardley, you met her in the receiving line, the other is Miss Layton. Lets go over and talk to them, it must get frightfully monotonous pouring tea all afternoon."

"Yes, it's quite a nice room, and the yellow and bronze mums, and the candles, make it seem really attractive." "No, we don't have any classes here, too many sofas around to suit the staff."

"I'm so glad you enjoyed it, you'd like to come next year? Well, I'm hoping to graduate in May but I suppose I could introduce you to my Junior! :"

## The 1938 Formal

Everybody was there - Staff, Seniors, Juniors, escorts, and anybody could have recognized the place - the Eglinton Hunt Club. Nobody would have been any the wiser - except Mrs. R. Y. Eaton and Mrs. C. E. Burden, the patronesses.

Somebody should have thanked the receiving line - Miss Somers, Miss Jackson, Marjorie Leonard and Muriel Nelles. And what for? - A perfectly delightful mid-year dance, with Lloyd Kerr and his orchestra interpolating the melodies, and the Margaret Eaton girls (and their escorts) interpreting the dances - (step, step to-gether, step head up, chin in, don't droop, quiet - whoop!)

Buffet supper was served during an intermission, and renewed all with strength and vigor to carry on 'till two-thirty, when the tired but happy girls (and their escorts) meandered home. In spite of all fore-warnings -

if a body wore their winter underwear (it wasn't noticed)

anybody might have tripped and fallen (but didn't)

somebody did the Big Apple (who could help it)

nobody got away with anything ( we won't tell anyhow)

And - everybody talked about the night of February the 10th:



## Camera Club

The Camera Club, a spring club, started its activities early in February. We have twenty-two members, with Adrienne Adams as Club Head and Miss Wardley Club Adviser. Thursday noon was chosen for our weekly meeting.

At the first meeting, there was a unanimous decision to put all our efforts into taking better pictures and learning how to develop and print our own films.

We were handicapped, in that a "dark room" was not available at school, however we were able to get together two or three times in the homes of some of our members, to experiment with "developing and printing".

On Sunday, March 27th, the Toronto University Camera Club invited us to see their amazingly equipped club headquarters. We certainly enjoyed our visit and appreciated very much the wonderful exhibition of pictures.

Recent Photography magazines and helpful books have been placed at the disposal of the members, and we hope to have a small exhibition of our own pictures, early in May, to illustrate the progress we have made.

We feel that the camera club has definitely taken root and we look forward with enthusiasm and confidence to its rapid growth.

## Music Club

The Music Club, with Miss Layton as club adviser, and Winnifred MacLennan as leader, has enjoyed three months of success. Our first project was at the Christmas Tea at the residence where the members sang carols and also supplied the music for the creative dancing.

After Christmas we were invited to the home of Miss Layton and there we heard Miss Hessel a soprano singer, who as well as singing so beautifully, gave an interesting account of the development of song.

Through the Music Club, Reginald Stewart came to the school and played for us for a never-to-be forgotten half hour.

Two afternoons were spent at Heintzman's, listening to records of classical music. One of these afternoons was given over to the music Nino Martini was to sing that week at the Eaton Auditorium.

The music club had charge of the Assembly one Friday morning. This was also very successful, and the members enjoyed practising the songs they sang.

As we were not able to function during the Christmas holidays our time was extended to include the first two weeks of March. So, to end the season all the members went to a Children's Symphony, one Friday afternoon, held in Massey Hall.

## Reginald Stewart

On Thursday, February 17th, we had the privilege of listening to Mr. Reginald Stewart, Toronto's well known pianist and the conductor of the Promenade Symphonies.

Mr. Stewart commented on the selections before he played them. We heard Mozart's Sonata in G Major, two Etudes and the Minute Waltz by Chopin, a modern well known French composition, Liebestraum by Liszt, as an encore we heard Bach's "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring".

We appreciated Mr. Stewart's splendid playing very much and want to extend our sincere gratitude and thanks to him for giving an hour of his valuable time for our entertainment.

M.E.S. student to Miss Wardley's escort at the formal: "Are you connected with Physical Education?"  
Escort: "No it's just my hobby."





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